

# The Soft Wind

Lyrics: John Frederick Mason

Music: Carsten Borbye Nielsen

♩ = 70      Bm      add9      Em6/b Bm      G      D

And sud-den-ly the par-ty's o-ver. O-pen win-dows let night in, touch your

5      A      E      G      A

skin and make you shi-ver. Si-lence am-pli-fies the hum, the emp-ty-ness

7      C      Bm      F#sus4      F#      B      E/b

of life that's gone, the pulse, the beat-ing drum. Stand-ing at the kitch-en sink you're

10      Bm      Em/b      Cmaj7b5      G6      F#

lost in dark-ness black as ink. A-bove the stars go out. What was it all a-bout? You

13      Bm      C      Gmaj7      E      A6      F#m      Bm

tried, you tried. A soft wind ruff-les the trees out-side.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for the song 'The Soft Wind'. It is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 70. The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff contains measures 1-4, the second staff measures 5-6, the third staff measures 7-8, the fourth staff measures 9-12, and the fifth staff measures 13-16. Chord symbols are placed above the staff lines. The lyrics are written below the staff lines, aligned with the notes. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

## THE SOFT WIND

And suddenly the party's over.  
Open windows let night in,  
touch your skin  
and make you shiver.  
Silence amplifies the hum  
the emptiness of life that's gone,  
the pulse, the beating drum.  
Standing at the kitchen sink  
you're lost in darkness black as ink.  
Above the stars go out.  
What was it all about?  
You tried, you tried.  
A soft wind ruffles the trees outside.

The room is filled with empty glasses,  
empty bottles, books half-read,  
words half-said,  
forgotten chances.  
Photos on the sideboard dream  
of all the times that might have been,  
of all you meant and mean.  
Closing round you now, the walls  
have eyes that stare and mouths that call –  
transparent as your skin,  
the house that you lived in.  
A siren fades.  
A soft wind sighs in the lost arcades.

The light you left before it faded  
pushes at the open door.  
No one saw  
what you were saying.  
No one took your words for keeps  
when you confused the dark with deep  
and lost your life to sleep.  
Traffic in the distance roars.  
The city breathes behind locked doors.  
A pale light fills the air.  
I wonder, Are you there?  
A blackbird sings.  
A soft wind shivers the playground swings.